

Grubb

MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE

LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS

ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

W. Barbroke Grubb

Pathfinder in Paraguay

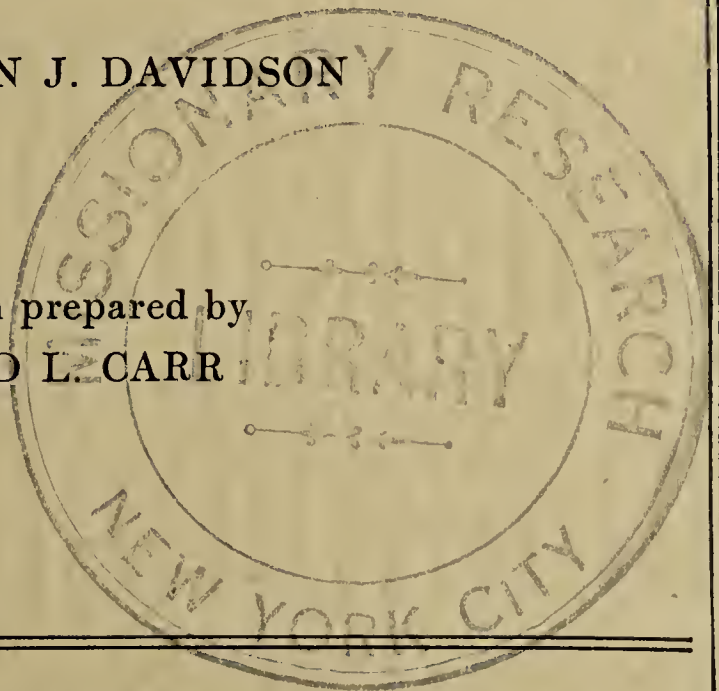
1865 -
1930

SOURCE BOOK

“BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER”

By NORMAN J. DAVIDSON

Program prepared by
FLOYD L. CARR



BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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Program based upon "BARBROOKE GRUBB, PATHFINDER"
by NORMAN J. DAVIDSON

Seeley, Service & Co., Limited.

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One, Two and Three are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the boys to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the thirty-five other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One, Two and Three, listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based may be loaned through public libraries or purchased from the American Baptist Publication Society and other book-selling agencies.

Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy or \$1.50 for each set of twelve.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i. e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, etc.—they were especially prepared for the *Royal Ambassadors*, a world outlook organization for 'teen age boys originating in the southland and since adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist boys by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Psalm 76:1-12. Verse 10: "Surely the wrath of men shall praise thee" finds an illustration in the final outcome of the murderous attack upon Barbrooke Grubb by an Indian named Poit. The Lengua Indians were horrified and indignant upon learning of the attack on his life and sentenced Poit to death. Upon his return from the hospital in Buenos Ayres, several natives expressed a definite desire to become Christians. This was the first promise of a spiritual harvest after seven years of arduous work. (See "Barbrooke Grubb, Pathfinder" by Norman J. Davidson, page 172 and the account of the attempted murder in the selections listed under item number twelve in this booklet.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations." This, the official hymn of Royal Ambassadors, expresses the motive that leads heroic adventurers of the spirit to devote their lives to even the most backward and barbarous peoples. Their assurance of ultimate victory is expressed in the triumphant chorus:

"For the darkness shall turn to dawning,
And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth,
The kingdom of love and light."
4. Introduction to the Life Story* (based upon the brief sketch in this booklet. If available, see the short sketches in "Makers of South America" by Margarett Daniels, and "Deeds Done for Christ," by Sir James Marchant).
5. His Birth and Preparation. (Pages 10-11, 14-16, 17, of "Barbrooke Grubb, Pathfinder" by Norman J. Davidson.)
6. Adventures on the Paraguay River. (Pages 53-54, 55-56.)
7. Exploring the Interior. (Pages 60-62, 65-66.)
8. His Strategy in the Face of Danger. (Pages 66-68.)
9. Establishing Work at Neantamama. (Pages 70-73.)
10. His Life Endangered. (Pages 78-79, 84-85, 86.)
11. Exposing the Witch Doctors. (Pages 99-101, 103.)
12. A Murderous Attack. (Pages 140-141, 148-149, 150-151, 153-154, 165, 166.)
13. The Final Struggle of Witchcraft. (Pages 179-180, 188, 189-190.)
14. Lengthening the Stakes. (Pages 214-216.)

*The leader should master the brief summary given in this booklet and read, if possible, the book "Barbrooke Grubb, Pathfinder," by Norman J. Davidson, upon which this program is based. The two short sketches listed under item number 4 are well written.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF W. BARBROOKE GRUBB

Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb, destined to win the title "Peacemaker of the Indians," was born at Liberton, in Midlothian, Scotland, on August 11, 1865. His father, though a physician, was in ill health and for years was unable to practice medicine.

As a boy he read of the explorations of Mungo Park in Africa and of the discoveries of Captain Cook in the South Seas, and by the age of fifteen possessed a fair knowledge of India and South America. His bent was toward travel and exploration and his ambition was to be able to wander through the wild unknown regions of the earth. But school was not neglected, for he completed his work at the preparatory school and entered Watson College, Edinburgh. With foreign service in mind, he began a special course in medicine but contracted septic poisoning and was nearly blind for months. When but nineteen he was accepted as a missionary by the South American Missionary Society, the organization formed by Captain Allen Gardiner. He studied for two more years in preparation for his life-work.

In 1886, when but twenty-one, he was sent for preparatory training to the station on the Falkland Islands, just off the southern extremity of South America. Here, among the Fuegian Indians of the Yaghan and Alacalooft tribes, he received strenuous but effective tutelage. Three years later he was transferred to Paraguay to continue and develop the work started by Adolfo Henriksen, who had died after a year's service.

For a time he resided on an island in the Paraguay River, "Riacho Fernandez," where Henriksen had sought to establish a station. But the Indians on the river had become demoralized by contact with the planters, traders and lumber-men and Barbrooke Grubb determined to explore the Chaco country, the home of the Lengua-Mascoy Indians, with a view to establishing work in the interior. Disregarding the advice to take an armed guard, he determined to go alone and unarmed into a land from which no white man had yet returned. His plan was to fearlessly advance, always assuming the right to command service and assistance since he had come to befriend and help them. He travelled far and wide on foot and horseback and by his very audacity overawed the hostile Indians. Three times, however, during the year of absence from his base, the city of Villa Concepcion, he was reported as dead.

No sooner had he returned to "civilization" than he learned that some of the Chaco Indians had looted the store of an English Company on the island of Riacho Fernandez. Feeling that he must persuade the wrongdoers to make restitution and put themselves in honorable accord with the white settlers, he re-entered the wilderness for the purpose of locating the thieves and persuading them to pay for all they had taken. To the amazement of all, he succeeded, having conditioned his settling among them on their complying. He, therefore, made their village, Neantamama, his first station.

He was faced with the entrenched power of superstition, wielded by the wizards or witch-doctors, who naturally united in bitter opposition. He found the Indians indulging in drunkenness at their feasts and practicing infanticide and other very objectionable customs. Conditioning his settlement in any village upon their abstaining from the use of intoxicating liquor, he identified himself with their life in order to win their confidence. Slowly but surely he mastered the Lengua tongue. Like the rest, he ate only once a day, dipping his share of the food from the greasy clay pot used in common by the whole company. Little by little he was able to overcome their fear of evil spirits and their bondage to the wizards. In spite of their opposition, on moving his station farther into the interior, he opened the first road ever built for bullock carts from the river into the interior, thus making history in the Chaco country.

After seven years of strenuous labor, in 1896 he returned to England for a brief furlough. Before leaving, he entrusted some mission property, including some cattle, to an intelligent Indian named Poit. Upon his return to the field, this Indian, to cover his misdeeds, for he had sold the cattle, attempted to murder Barbroke Grubb while they were on a tour. He was shot on December 22, 1896, by an arrow that pierced his back between the shoulders and near the backbone. The guilty Indian fled, leaving his victim miles from any habitation. By a super-human effort, the wounded man extricated the arrow and made his way painfully to the nearest village. Devoted men and women ministered to him and helped him on his way as best they could. After seven days of intense pain and weakness, at times near to the valley of the shadow of death, he finally reached his station. After he regained his strength he went to Buenos Ayres for an operation. It was June before he was able to resume his work.

Without his knowledge or consent, the Indian who attempted his murder was summarily executed by his fellow tribesmen during Barbroke Grubb's absence at the hospital. Grubb had said concerning the beginning of his work: "We did not expect, nor had

we any reason to hope for the conversion of the people as a nation to real Christianity. Our commission was to bear the message of the Gospel to them and to take care that they were left with no excuse for rejecting it. God alone could know what the results would be." The outcome of the murderous attack was that several of the Indians definitely expressed their purpose to accept Christianity. Four years later the rite of baptism was administered to the first group of converts and the first fruits of a substantial harvest were in evidence among the Lengua-Mascoy Indians.

Reinforced with helpers from England, the work was extended in 1910 across the border of Paraguay into northern Argentine. Here he founded in 1914 the Mataco Mission, reaching especially the Vejoz Indians, a branch of the Matacos. Seven years after the establishment of the first settlement in their midst, the first band of Matacos was admitted into the Christian Church. Here, as in Paraguay, he laid stress upon developing native workers, saying in one of his reports to the homeland: "I am perfectly sure of one thing and that is that until the Indians themselves become the evangelists of their own people, we shall never succeed in building up a powerful church."

The work is still advancing. The Chaco country has been transformed from a savage to a settled land. The Indians have learned the arts of civilization and live at peace with each other and with the white settlers. The one who is credited with this triumph is Barbroke Grubb, pathfinder in Paraguay.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF W. BARBROOKE GRUBB

Reprinted from "Barbrooke Grubb, Pathfinder,"

by Norman J. Davidson

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His Birth and Preparation. (Pages 10-11, 14-16, 17.)

Wilfrid Barbrooke Grubb was born at Liberton, in Midlothian, Scotland, August 11th, 1865, his father being a physician, who did not, however, practice, owing to ill health. At the time of his birth his father happened to pick up a half-sovereign in gold and shortly afterwards an old cannon-ball, the relic of some forgotten fight, and from these an old "wise" woman augured that the infant would never accumulate riches, neither would he suffer poverty but that he would have plenty of troubles. The desire to acquire wealth for himself has always been quite alien to Grubb's nature, so that the first part of the old woman's augury proved true; of the second, if the dangers, difficulties, and discomforts which so frequently accompany the carrying out of a noble purpose may be termed troubles, in that, too, she was correct. . . .

After leaving the preparatory school he finished his school education at George Watson's College, Edinburgh. The studies in which he took the greatest interest were geography, ancient history, and the habits and customs of primitive peoples; those that appealed to him most forcibly were the races of the South Sea Islands and of Africa, and by the time he was fifteen years of age he had acquired a very fair knowledge of those places, as well as of Ancient Mexico, Peru, the Indian interior of South America, Burma and the Malay States. A seafaring life had no attraction for him. His ambition was to wander through the wild unknown regions of the earth, unfettered and untrammelled by the restrictions of official routine. Strange to say, that although various members of his family had in past years been closely associated with the continent of America, both North and South, that continent held out no attractions for him. But this may be accounted for by his dislike for half-breeds and the stories he had read of the cruelties perpetrated by the Spaniards and the Inquisition. He was as yet ignorant of the vast areas in the interior unknown to civilization, peopled by primitive and savage races.

His thoughts were turned towards the Civil Service of India, the branch of Woods and Forests, for which he could have obtained a nomination, but these he rejected as laboring under the same disability as a seafaring life; namely, that his life would be too circumscribed. Trade and business did not appeal to him; he simply yearned for the wilds and to live with and study the untutored savage and his primitive ways. It must be understood that at this period of his life he had no religious leanings to missionary work. But this does not imply that his reading was entirely of a secular nature, for at fifteen years of age he was a student of the Bible and other religious books, and at sixteen he could address a Sunday-School meeting, and he also started a Young Men's Improvement Society, composed chiefly of engine drivers, mechanics and others of a similar social position. This Society flourished for a considerable time and did some really useful work. . . .

At the age of eighteen he tried hard to join an expedition to Africa but was rejected on account of his youth; however, the following year he was accepted by the South American Missionary Society, and having received a license from Dr. Harold Brown, Bishop of Winchester, as lay reader in the diocese, he read for nearly a year with the Rev. H. S. Acworth, one of the secretaries of the Society, at Chobham, Surrey, preparatory to leaving England for the mission field in South America.

Adventures on the Paraguay River. (Pages 53-54, 55-56.)

Adolfo Henricksen, who went out to the Paraguayan Chaco in the middle of 1888, died about a year afterwards through an illness contracted from exposure in an open boat on the River Paraguay. His death aroused much sympathy in England, and in order to make it easier for missionaries to travel on that great waterway, a steam-launch was given to the mission. It was a small boat, twenty-three feet nine inches in length and would have been very serviceable for harbor work where no rough seas would be encountered. This little steam-launch met with some accidents on its way out but eventually it was put into service on the Paraguay. The boiler and machinery were too heavy for the size of the boat, the fresh water of the river not being so buoyant as sea-water. The Paraguay, even in the far interior, is a mighty river, and some rough seas are encountered, especially when the strong south winds rise up against the current. Sometimes these strong winds blow up quite suddenly, and if in a small boat, one has to be very careful indeed. . . .

With that little steamer, called the *Adolfo Henricksen*, Grubb had many adventures. He once made a trip a long way up the Paraguay River towards Brazil and picked up a party of surveyors. There were on the boat three Englishmen, a Polish count, a German, a Paraguayan surveyor and his servant. All could swim with perfect ease and were quite at home in the water with the exception of three, the Polish count, the Paraguayan servant and one of the Englishmen. Crossing one of the wide stretches of the river, a sudden wind from the south came up, and by the time they were half-way across, the little boat, from its inability to rise to the waves, cutting into them in spite of all manoeuvring, had shipped a good deal of water. The steam-launch, of course, was an open boat and had no deck of any kind. The firebox was low down, and the passengers on board, together with their luggage and the supply of firewood, added so much more to the weight that there was by no means too much free-board above water. In spite of all precautions, the fire began to get damp, they lost steam and therefore steering way, and in this way shipped yet more water. It was a critical moment, but they ran as well as they could before the seas and made for a shallow stretch on the opposite bank. The only hope of saving the boat from sinking in deep water was for all who could swim to jump into the river.

Fortunately they had plenty of rope on board, and tying all together, those who could swim jumped out, while one of the three who were poor swimmers paid out the rope carefully. The Paraguayan servant was terror-stricken, especially when he saw his master jump into the water with all his clothes on and strike out with the rope-end toward the shore. He thought his end had come. The Englishman was not in the least disturbed, and being well up in the management of boats, he looked after the handling of the craft. The Polish count sat quite calm and unmoved, with an interested look watching the proceedings but as if he had been viewing a boat race. It was a fine exploit, and although inconvenient, Grubb knew how to direct the crew and the saving of the wreck was quite exciting and highly amusing.

Exploring the Interior. (Pages 60-62, 65-66.)

Early in 1890 the Right Rev. Dr. Stirling, first Bishop of the Falkland Isles and Superintendent of the Society's Missions, ordered Grubb to penetrate into the interior and investigate fully the numbers, location and attitude of the various tribes, with the view of ascertaining how best to prosecute the Mission already begun by Henricksen. He could have availed himself of an armed guard;

in fact, he was urged by many well-wishers to do so, but, as a missionary and messenger of peace, such a course would not only have been inconsistent, but inadvisable. Had he begun this work under armed protection, it would have incensed the Indians against him, as they would have looked upon him as a possible enemy and they would also have concluded from his coming in force that he was to some extent afraid of them. The only course open, therefore, was to go alone, and trust himself entirely in their hands.

Experienced explorers, Government officials, settlers, traders, and others, on hearing of his determination to enter the Chaco alone and to live with the Indians, warned him of the dangers he was incurring, and assured him that such a step was tantamount to committing suicide. So little was known of the Indians that it was generally believed that they were in the habit of taking off their heads and carrying them under their arms. The kind-hearted peasants and many friends whose acquaintances he had made during his few months' residence on the river's bank implored him not to throw away his life, and some, with tears in their eyes, invoked the protection of the Virgin and Saints on his behalf when they found he would not be dissuaded. So prevalent was the opinion that he would assuredly lose his life that on three occasions in particular, owing to his prolonged absence and to reports from river Indians, the rumor of his death was readily accepted. Once it was only by making a forced voyage all night in a canoe that he was enabled to prevent an official announcement of his death being sent home by the British Consul at Asuncion.

Humanly speaking, Grubb's preservation during these early years was mainly due to the attitude which he had decided on in his own mind as the best to adopt in dealing with such a people. That attitude was briefly this: to assume at all times and under all circumstances superiority and authority, for Indians only respect the strong, and have no regard whatever for a man of weak character and wavering will. Should they once detect any signs of fear on his part, he knew that his work among them would prove a failure and that they would at once assume it to be weakness if he sought protection from their Chiefs. Again, if he had endeavored to curry favor with them by giving presents, they would never have been satisfied, and would have resorted to threats in order to extort more from him. Being a stranger and a guest in their country, he considered it wise to respect, as far as possible, their customs and laws, but at the same time he determined to show them very clearly that he did not intend to be bound by such restrictions when they interfered with his plans. He knew that their witch-doctors would treat him with open hostility and

that they would prove the greatest obstacle to the foundation of a mission among their people. . . .

A few months previous to Grubb's arrival in Paraguay, Adolfo Henriksen, the founder of the Mission, had died from the effects of exposure on the river. He had established a temporary station at Riacho Fernandez, an island in the River Paraguay, some thirty miles north of Villa Concepcion, and his constant journeys in a canoe to and from this town, exposed to all weathers, proved too much for his constitution. His two companions left the Mission soon after Grubb's arrival, and he thus had to make his way single-handed.

He found Riacho Fernandez by no means a desirable or beautiful spot. Mosquitoes hung about all day and at night were so troublesome that he had early to seek the shelter of his net. In addition to these pests, sandflies, horseflies and fleas made life almost intolerable. The island was sandy and swarmed with ants—little red, stinging creatures, which got into all the food and swarmed so thickly on the table during meals that it was necessary to skim the soup. The sugar was always a mass of ants and the only means of getting rid of them was by putting them with the sugar into the tea or coffee and skimming them off when they rose to the surface. His food consisted chiefly of biscuits, rice and sundried meat. Owing to the damp, hot climate this meat soon became filled with maggots, but in the process of stewing these also rose to the surface and were easily got rid of.

He soon discovered that the original design of trying to win the Indians who could be attracted to the comparatively safe position which he held on the bank of the River Paraguay was utterly impracticable. Few Indians frequented the bank of this river and those who did so had become very degenerate—had taken to drink and other bad habits—through their intercourse with the foreign settlements. The real Indian population lived in the interior and there, consequently, lay his goal. It was with alacrity that he obeyed Bishop Stirling's orders to push into the interior, with the view of establishing a Mission in the heart of the Chaco. He fully realized that the element of personal danger would be vastly greater there than at Riacho Fernandez Island, but it was equally patent that no Indian Mission could be established with that as its base.

His Strategy in the Face of Danger. (Pages 66-68.)

For the first journey he selected five river Indians as guides, but they were not very anxious to go, putting all kinds of objections in the way. At the very outset they purposely endeavored

to delay him by continually pretending to lose the track, hoping by this means to induce him to give up the attempt in disgust. Eventually, however, they arrived at a village called Kilmesakthlapomap ("the place of burnt pigs"). As his guides were dawdling behind, evidently afraid of the reception they would meet with for bringing a strange foreigner into their fastnesses, Grubb rode on ahead of them right up into the midst of the village. The Indians, who were in strong force, were holding a feast, at which apparently a plentiful supply of native beer was being consumed. He heard afterwards that they had had news of the possibility of his arrival among them, but his sudden appearance seemed to fill them with astonishment.

Annoyed at the conduct of his guides, he determined to take a high hand, and so beckoned to a young Indian standing by and ordered him to take his horse to water. Grubb's vocabulary being very limited, he was compelled to make considerable use of signs. Beckoning to a woman, he pointed to a shady tree near by, and, sitting down upon the ground, gave her to understand that he would camp under that tree, and, pointing to a fire, told her to take it and place it there for his convenience. He then walked around the village, beating off the dogs with his whip, and selected pieces of pumpkin here and there and a few potatoes. These he gave to a man and signed to him to put them under the tree where he intended to camp. By this time his horse had been brought back, so he unsaddled it, and then gave the lad instructions as well as he could to let it loose and to look after it. He then called one of the boys to him and sent him off with his kettle to the swamp for water, and thus the arrangements for his comfort were complete.

Grubb afterwards learnt from the Indians that his high-handed behavior, which, if shown by one of their own people, not only would have been considered insufferably rude but would have been strongly resented, had filled them with surprise. They could not understand how a defenceless stranger could act in this way among so many people. They said it made them fear him, as they felt he must be possessed of some occult power. But they had determined among themselves to watch his movements very closely, and to test him that very night.

Establishing Work at Neantamama. (Pages 70-73.)

Early in 1891 he made an extended tour in Paraguay proper, in order to see what opportunities there might be of reaching the Indians on that side. Riacho Fernandez, which was the property of an English land company, was now occupied by them as a

wood-cutting station, and on his return there he found that the Indians had broken into their store and had carried off a considerable quantity of goods. He accordingly resolved to visit the Indians concerned, in order to see if he could persuade them to return what they had stolen or at least to give compensation.

When he declared his intention of following up the thieves, Grubb was laughed at by the Paraguayans and the representatives of the company. They told him that the looters had retired many leagues into the interior for fear of reprisals and that they were reported to be in a very dangerous mood. Nevertheless, he considered it well worth his while to make the attempt. It was clearly quite as dangerous to penetrate into the country in any other direction, as he knew that the report of what these Indians had done must by this time have reached the Indian villages far and wide. If the delinquents were not punished or brought to see the error of their ways, it was perfectly clear that they would behave towards him, if he established any station among them, especially in the interior, as they had towards the English company. Again, if he could succeed in making them pay for all they had taken, it would be a great recommendation for his system of dealing with them, and would tend to gain him the support and sympathy so urgently needed in the great undertaking contemplated.

He accordingly found his way on foot and alone to a small Indian encampment near a forest, about six miles inland. There he met an old Indian who possessed a horse. After some difficulty, Grubb persuaded him to take him to the village of the thieves and, mounting behind him on the same horse, without a saddle, he travelled about eighteen miles, until they reached a place called Neantamama, where he found the culprits. They were rather defiant and insolent at first, but with the little language at his disposal Grubb attacked them vigorously on the subject of the theft, explaining to them that it had been his intention to throw in his lot with their people and make his home among them, but that he could not think of doing so unless they took steps to throw off this reproach on their character. On his telling them that they would probably be attacked by the Paraguayans, they only laughed and said they were not afraid. He then informed them that all along the River Paraguay they were regarded as thieves and sneaking foxes and that he could never again take any of them with him to Coneepeon, because he too would be looked upon as a thief if he consorted with thieves. They got angry at this and reminded him that he was alone, while they were many. Grubb told them that he had no fear and that only six months before, as they well knew, he had journeyed alone to the

village of their great war Chief, Yahoyispuk. Turning sharply on one of them, he reminded him how he had acted on an occasion, some nine months previously, when he pushed his arrow-point against Grubb's chest and threatened to shoot him. "Which of us was most afraid then?" he said. At this some of his people smiled and he clearly showed that he did not appreciate the reminder.

Eventually they invited Grubb to sit down and discuss the theft question. The result of this conversation was that they agreed to repay the value of what they had stolen in skins and feathers, but only on condition that he promised to go with them to the foreigners and afterwards to return and live with them. To this Grubb agreed but took the precaution of remaining at their village until they got together the necessary amount of skins and feathers.

In a few days the necessary amount of skins and feathers was procured by hunting and, accompanied by the Indians, he returned to Riacho Fernandez and paid them over to the English company as compensation for the theft.

Cheered by the influence which he seemed to have gained, he became hopeful of the future success of his work and accordingly returned with this party of Indians and established himself with them at Neantamama.

His Life Endangered. (Pages 78-79, 84-85, 86.)

This unfortunate incident had probably much to do with a later attempt to poison him. He was always careful to clean and fill his kettle, which served as teapot, and one day after doing so, placed it on the fire and went away till it should boil. On his return he found it boiling, and quite contrary to his usual custom—he does not know why—he raised the lid and looked inside, and there to his surprise he saw the leaves of some plant floating on the surface. On further examination he found quite a handful of these strange leaves inside, so he immediately questioned the Indians. They all pretended to be surprised and to know nothing about it, saying that they did not even know what plant it was. He had suspicions but could do nothing, and so, cleaning and refilling the kettle, he stood by until his tea was made. . . .

On one occasion he went out in his canoe in order to get sticks for the side of the bullock wagon. After paddling about a league on the great River Paraguay, he noticed near the mouth of a little creek a clump of trees, just of the kind he wanted. He had already secured a few suitable sticks. They were about five feet long and three to four inches in diameter, because allowance

had to be made for the cutting and squaring and the sap wood. The trees that he now observed would just supply him with the number he required and he accordingly paddled forward to the spot. The river was high and the bank was low, and so in order to save tying up his canoe, ran its nose on the bank. He had hardly done so when an old alligator, that was lying hidden in the tangled grass, advanced close to the canoe and objected to his landing, evidently very angry and intending to dispute the right of trespass on what he considered his domain. This lack of courtesy was not to be borne and so, as he opened his great jaws, Grubb pushed the blade of the canoe paddle into his mouth. He snapped and treated the thin blade as if it had been an old matchbox, but if he was cross Grubb too was offended, and so to repay his impudence, he thought he would give him something that he could not digest quite so easily, and when he opened his jaws again he landed the end of one of his poles fair in his mouth, and well into his throat, where it stuck. It would have been cruel to leave the poor brute, so he gave the end of it a bang or two with his axe and finished him with a crack on the head. He then collected his sticks and thinking it was a pity to leave him there, when the Indians at the camp up river would enjoy him for lunch, he tied a rope to his lower jaw, hauled him into the water and towed him up stream behind the canoe to the camp. There he was soon cut into steaks and before long the natives were enjoying a tasty repast. . . .

In the swamps, lying upon the tangled vegetation, poisonous snakes are sometimes to be found whose bite in some instances proves fatal to the natives. The danger is increased by their not being easily distinguished from the surrounding vegetation. Grubb himself has had several very narrow escapes. On one occasion when he was clearing a passage through a swamp and bending down to cut at the roots of the undergrowth, one of these snakes struck at him, but an Indian standing by dealt it a blow just in time with his bush-knife.

Exposing the Witch-Doctors. (Pages 99-101, 103.)

The witch-doctors naturally regarded Grubb as their greatest opponent, but the common people rather welcomed him than otherwise, feeling that his presence among them added to their strength and gave them a position superior to that of the neighboring tribes and clans. When his resolve to make a cart-road from the River Paraguay into the interior was made known to the witch-doctors, they were more determined than ever to get rid of him, for they realized that the accomplishment of this feat would make his po-

sition permanent in their country. They accordingly for three months worked steadily for his overthrow. It seems that they decided not to resort to open violence, for fear lest his disembodied spirit might be more dangerous and troublesome to them than he himself was when in the body. At any rate, they concluded that his power of rapid movement would be infinitely increased thereby. But die he must—if not by violence, then by their magic. His friend Pinseapawa, who knew of this plot, kindly warned him of his danger and earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from attempting to take a bullock-cart into the interior.

In spite of his warning, Grubb proceeded to carry out his design and the difficulties of this journey, though great, were eventually overcome.

One day Grubb heard a great uproar in the village. On inquiring the cause, he was informed that a woman was possessed by *kilyikhama* (witch-craft). He went to the scene of the disorder and found her stretched on the ground, throwing herself about violently. Four men were holding her down by the limbs, while the wizard was bending over her, trying to drive out the spirits. Grubb at once saw it was simply a case of hysteria. Bidding the wizard desist from his performances and telling the people that he had a potent drug which would very soon restore the patient, he returned to his hut and brought back with him some strong liquid ammonia. As soon as he applied a liberal dose to her nose on a handkerchief, the effect was instantaneous, much to the astonishment of the people.

A short time afterwards the wizard sought Grubb out privately and asked him to give him some of that wonderful medicine. He gave him a sniff of the bottle with the cork right out, and the effect was almost more marked than in the case of the woman. He was nearly overbalanced from the shock. Grubb asked him if he would like to take some with him, but as soon as he could speak, he emphatically declined. No doubt he ceased to wonder why the spirits left the woman so quickly. . . .

Grubb had an interview with another wizard. Curious to know how they actually did their tricks, he feigned having a pain in his arm and sent for old "Red head." The wizard, believing him to be in earnest, proceeded to spit upon and then suck his arm. After a time he produced three small fishbones and showing them to Grubb and those around, asserted that they had been caused to enter there by some unfriendly wizard who disliked him. "They are not nice people in the west," he said. "Quite different from us, who love you and are your friends." He then asked for a handful of beads as his fee. Taking him rather unawares, Grubb examined the man's mouth. He did not seem to realize at first

what Grubb was after; but as he pulled out a few more fish-bones, his face lowered and began to wear a threatening look. Grubb simply showed the bones to the onlookers, and this, with a look, conveyed all that was required; but that witch-doctor hated him for several years afterwards.

A Murderous Attack. (Pages 140-141, 148-149, 150-151, 153-154, 165, 166.)

Poit, as usual, acted as headman, and gave the orders about camping and the track to be followed. As was Grubb's custom, they travelled chiefly at night in order to avoid the hot sun.

All went well till they passed Mechi's village. Grubb had gone ahead with Poit, making for a suitable camping-place for the midday halt. He frequently noticed that his Indians, who were carrying all his provisions and kit, were not in sight, but he did not pay much attention to this, thinking that they had lagged behind gathering wild fruit. He, therefore, rested beneath a tree and sent Poit back to hurry them up. . . .

Grubb was bending down, trying to cleave a way, when suddenly he felt a sharp blow in his back, just below the right shoulder-blade, close to the spine. He rose up and saw Poit, about four or five paces off, with a look of horror on his face. His first thought was of the jaguar—that he had shot at it, and in his excitement hit Grubb instead. He told him to come to his assistance, but he cried out: "O Mr. Grubb! O Mr. Grubb!" (a most unusual expression, the Indians always addressing him by his Indian name, Yiplenabanyetik). Then with a sharp cry of pain and terror, "Ak-kai! Ak-kai!" he rushed off towards the river and was lost to sight. . . .

Blood was spouting from the wound and soon from the mouth, too. The iron arrow-head (seven inches long by one inch wide) had penetrated so far that he could only get three fingers on the protruding part of the blade, the shaft (a cane one) being completely shivered. He realized in an instant the probability that he would swoon, and so made for the river in order to refresh himself by plunging into the water. Before doing so, however, he took out his watch and laid it on the bank.

The water revived him somewhat and he then proceeded to extract the arrow. This caused him great difficulty, owing to its awkward position and having to work it backwards and forwards, up and down, in order to free it from its wedged position in the ribs. The arrowhead had entered perpendicularly and in an oblique direction and thus had met with the resistance of the ribs. Had it entered horizontally with no such obstacle, the injury to

the lungs would have been far more serious. On extracting it, Grubb found that the point was bent and twisted, which partly accounted for the difficulty he had in pulling it out.

He then returned to the forest, picked up the watch, the kettle and the few things left by Poit, and entered the water, walking along the river-edge in order to hide his tracks, in case Poit, on discovering that he had not killed him outright, should return to complete his work. His object was to endeavor to strike the track they had followed that morning, and he succeeded in crossing the river three times, but at the fourth crossing nearly sank in mid-stream. He was exhausted from the exertion of this and his previous attempts and had grown so weak from the loss of so much blood that he was forced to climb the opposite bank on all fours; but before leaving the river, he, for the second time, wrung out the blood from his shirt. . . .

Toward evening Grubb began to suffer great pain and was so weak that he could not move without help. Just before sunset the people came frequently to look at him, and he could sometimes catch the words of reference to his approaching death. This terrified him—not the fear of death itself (which he felt sure could not be very far distant, even if not from the actual wound itself, at least from the complications which he felt would inevitably ensue) but because of his knowledge of the barbarous customs of burying the dying alive practiced by these people in accordance with their religious tenets.

That night was to Grubb a night of horror and discomfort, and, to add to his pain, a roving goat landed squarely upon his chest. Having no net, he also suffered much from the swarms of mosquitoes, but not so much as he should have under ordinary circumstances, owing to the dulled state of his nerves. . . .

The next day, mounting the wounded man on a horse they had specially selected for the purpose, and with a suitable saddle, they proceeded toward Mechi's village (Paisiamyalwa) but Grubb was so weak that he had to be held on and plied constantly with stimulants. Frequently they had to take him off and lay him on the ground. He had collapsed so much that it was only by the help of brandy and strong ammonia that they managed to get him along, and just before arriving at Mechi's, he broke out crying and sobbing through sheer weakness. . . .

In the evening Grubb managed to accomplish a three hours' journey on the road, and slept that night at the village of "The Father of Cats," and the next day—December 29—late in the afternoon, he succeeded in reaching Waikthlatingmangyalwa, the Mission station, having in eight days covered one hundred and ten miles from the scene of Poit's attack.

The Final Struggle of Witchcraft. (Pages 179-180, 188, 189-190.)

The missionaries were still living in a heathen village, and the rule of heathenism was as yet the established power in the land, yet they had made such progress that they considered they could no longer deny baptism to three well-approved and thoroughly tested young men, so they were baptized on October 14, 1900.

This advance on Grubb's part, together with the knowledge that several other Lenguas were candidates for baptism, greatly incensed the heathen party and especially the witch-doctors. Their anger too, was aggravated by the fact that a few days previously the Chief of the station had died of snake-bite, and the missionaries were held responsible for his death.

They had evidently resolved to take the first favorable opportunity to attempt to end the progress of Christianity once and for all. They waited until some members of the staff, including Grubb, and some of the staunchest Indian adherents had left the station, and they had no sooner started than signs of unrest were noticed.

Soon after they left, the boy Andrew complained of a pain in his right groin, but said he did not feel "sick inside." Then John became ill also, but in two days was much better and able to go on with his work. The third boy, Thomas, had been very ill before his baptism. Suspicions were aroused, not unnaturally, that some of the witch-doctors had been giving these three recently baptized lads something to make them ill. . . .

That evening Grubb called some of the Indians together and decided on the punishment to be inflicted upon the disturbers of the peace. It was determined that those who were able to should give two sheep each as compensation for the annoyance they had caused, and those who could not should work two days for the Mission with the hoe, not only morning and evening but also throughout the heat of the day, without rest or pay. The decision was communicated to the culprits and all agreed quietly and without demur. "The Father of Cats" set off the next day, so it was understood, to bring in his sheep from his village, but about midday a messenger arrived from him with the following communication for Grubb: "Tell Yiphenabanyetik (W. B. Grubb) that he may be a great Chief but that I also am a great Chief, and I refuse to give him two sheep." Grubb immediately despatched a messenger to say he was very sorry he had overlooked the fact that "The Father of Cats" was so great a Chief; that he could not think of asking him for two sheep, but that so great a Chief must bring three. Eventually they obtained them. It was decided

to sell the sheep and to devote the proceeds to the purchase of a large lamp for the church. . . .

The Mission had passed through a very important crisis and it was realized clearly that, if not the last, it was one of the great duels between heathenism and Christianity. Providentially the Christians had got the better of them. But the Indian, when it suits him, easily forgets what he does not like to remember, and his disposition is such that he makes a strong effort to obliterate any unpleasant memories affecting himself and tries as much as possible to prevent them influencing his life.

Grubb had, for the time being, the upper hand of the witch-doctors, and he was determined to maintain it as far as lay in his power. He accordingly took every opportunity in private conversation and public teaching to expose their errors. In this he was ably supported by the native converts and those who were candidates for baptism.

Very few years passed before Waikthlatingmangyalwa had become in reality a Christian village. Of the ringleaders in this rebellion many have since become sincere and earnest Christians; and it would be difficult today to find an Indian within the Mission sphere of influence so bold as to admit that he had anything whatever to do with witchcraft.

Lengthening the Stakes. (Pages 214-216.).

In 1910 Grubb proceeded to Northern Argentina, and after visiting Bolivia and making one or two other excursions, eventually through the kind offices of one of the great English companies there, the Leach Argentine Estates, began preliminary work with a view to establishing Mission work among the Indians of the Argentine Chaco. This firm kindly placed house accommodation at his disposal and in many other ways facilitated his efforts, giving him sympathetic and hearty cooperation in his work. In 1911 he was joined by the Rev. Canon Morrey-Jones and Messrs. Hunt and Bernau, all three old companions and fellow-workers. Among them they made journeys to different parts of the country, and got a general idea of the Chaco from San Pedro de Jujuy to Yaquiba, and down the River Pilcomayo, touching the Choroti and a branch of the Tobas under the famous Chief Takaluk or Takaliki, the Matacos, and another party of Tobas on the Bermejo. They began at once trying to collect the languages and secured a good vocabulary of the Choroti and a much better and fuller one of the Vejoz, a part of the great Mataco people.

They decided to begin work both among the Matacos and among the Tobas, but from lack of suitable men they found it necessary

to confine their efforts to one tribe. Grubb got in touch with an aged Mataco chief, Geronimo, who was strangely attracted towards him and who implored him just before he died to try and do something for his people. Through old Geronimo they decided to begin work among the Vejoz Indians, a branch of the Matacos. In 1914 they had a sufficient grasp of things to warrant their beginning permanent work, and again through the kindness of Leach Bros. they obtained a piece of land from them on the Bermejo, and forthwith began their first settlement. They had first of all to clear the dense forest and persuade the Indians to join the settlement scheme. This all took time and unfortunately Grubb contracted severe blood poisoning and was compelled to return home in 1915, but in 1916 he again returned to the field. The heavy end of the work rested with Messrs. Hunt and Bernau, who were handicapped in almost every way by want of men and means, by the river encroaching upon them and forcing them to abandon the site they first occupied, and by all the other many difficulties attendant upon the building up and formation of such a work. In spite of this they succeeded in forming a permanent settlement and in gathering around them a little population of Indians, who feel at last that they have got a happy and safe home. Every Indian family gets a grant of from four to five acres of land, and by this they have to support themselves as best they can. Schools have been established and Mataco children can now read and write, some even sending letters home to England to any of their missionary friends on furlough, and in 1922, seven years from the first settlement there, the first band of Matacos were admitted to the Christian Church. The Mission has been reinforced by new men, and there is every reason to believe that it will not only develop but become a great success, that many Indians will be saved, and, what is more, a good influence is being exerted upon the Argentine settlers who are extremely friendly to and highly respect the Mission, and this is a very great gain.

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